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# NEW YORK JOURNAL

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NO. 5,007.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1896.—12 PAGES.—COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY W. R. HEARST.

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## PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEW OF THE SCENE OF THE ATLANTIC CITY HORROR.



### THE ATLANTIC CITY WRECK THE WORST HORROR IN YEARS.

Forty-seven Lives Sacrificed and Fifty-nine Persons Known to Have Been Injured.

Collision Caused by a Wild Race Between the Engineers of Two Trains on the Jersey Meadows.

Fire Added Its Horrors, and Ghouls Flocked to the Scene Intent Upon Securing Souvenirs of the Catastrophe.

News of the Death of Her Betrothed Killed a Waiting Bride, and Entire Towns Are in Mourning for Their Dead.

#### ENGINEER GRINER TELLS A GRAPHIC STORY.

Description of the Accident and the Scenes by Survivors Who Were in the Colliding Trains—Action of the Railroads.

It is now known that at least forty-seven lives were sacrificed in the railroad collision near Atlantic City Thursday evening. Frightful as was the disaster, its cause is astounding. The evidence is incontrovertible that it was brought about by criminal carelessness in its most inexcusable form.

Edward Farr, the engineer of the Reading Railroad express from Philadelphia for Atlantic City, is dead. His explanation of why and how he ran his train into the excursion cars of a road would do no good, were he to give it.

Engineer John Griner, of the West Jersey excursion, returning from Atlantic City to Bridgeton, N. J., declares the signals near and at the cross-

ing of the tracks of the two roads gave him the right of way. He saw two trains ahead of him, running on parallel lines. He was convinced that they were racing.

It is said that the Reading express was speeding at about fifty miles an hour. Before Griner could slow up his engine or decide what to do the giant locomotive of the express crashed into the first car of the excursion train, and the worst accident in the history of New Jersey was precipitated.

The railroad officials of the two lines have passed resolutions looking to the discontinuance of racing on the Jersey meadows, where the accident occurred.

Between five and six hundred persons were on the excursion train, most



#### HOW THEY FOUND ENGINEER FARR'S BODY.

From a sketch made on the spot.

of them family parties, who took advantage of an outing of the Order of Red Men to spend a day at the seashore. Some of these families were exterminated. Young married couples died hand-in-hand.

A young man on the train was fatally injured. His sweetheart at

home, who expected soon to be his bride, heard by telegraph that he was dead. The news killed her. He died in the Atlantic City Hospital.

To add to the horror of the disaster, all day yesterday the scene of the collision, about two miles out of Atlantic City, was infested with persons intent upon securing ghastly souvenirs.

Immediately after the collision the wreckage took fire from the shattered express engine, but the flames were soon extinguished by the Atlantic City Fire Department.

Atlantic City, N. J., July 31.—At least

### A PEN PICTURE OF THE HORROR.

By Julian Hawthorne.

Atlantic City, N. J., July 31.

THE scene of the catastrophe was but four miles distant, and the news of it was at the hotel before me. I heard it as I entered. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of the inhabitants of Atlantic City were already on their way thither.

Atlantic City consists of hotels, lodging-houses and buses. It was easy to scramble into one of the latter and join the procession.

The sun sets at a quarter past 7 this week, and before we were clear of the town his last rays had shone across the meadows. The moon, in her last quarter, would not rise for hours. Diaphanous clouds softened the evening sky, and upon all things rested a tender, misty light. We rumbled along the dusty road, already dry again after the storm of the previous night. Each man and woman had his or her half-digested agitation of the calamity. We passed scores of people hurrying along on foot, and were passed by many others on bicycles. Scores of vehicles of all sorts were behind and before us. We could see other crowds approaching along other roads, all converging toward one point. All were going to look on death, and on agony of body and mind, in one of its most appalling and hideous forms. But, from a distance, the concourse looked like a throng of merry-makers hurrying to a festivity. Only when you were near enough to see their faces and hear the strange tones of their voices, hushed or excited, would you realize that this was no holiday occasion.

All the world knows the conditions of the event. The tracks of two railways intersect at an acute angle on the meadow; near their point of junction stands a wooden signal tower. The excursion train, going west, was behind its schedule time; the express from Camden, going east, was running fast and on time. Either the signal man blundered, or one or other of the engineers mistook the signal. Both thought they had right of way, and the westbound train dashed into the other, loaded with returning excursionists. In an instant a slaughter had taken place scarcely paralleled in railroad history.

A few stars had begun to appear as the thickening of the crowd showed that we were nearly at our goal. Looking forward, a smoke was visible, rising sluggishly from an indistinguishable mass of wreckage, and drifting northward. The bus stopped; we were on foot, hastening forward, colliding with one another, dodging vehicles, plunging in morasses, leaping ditches, most of us, I think, with a sickening and sinking of the heart, that would have made us turn back again but for the fierce, nervous excitement that compelled us to push onward. The crowd was, in a sense, silent, and yet the air was full of voices and cries. The sounds were detached and incongruous; they did not melt together like the ordinary hum of a mass of people. Each one of us was isolated in the stress and tension of his own emotion. No one was precisely aware of what he spoke or did. Yet a common horror bound us together.

As yet I had seen nothing—but an indescribable and violent confusion of things and people; and even that I had scarcely seen; I had confusedly apprehended it. A reddish, flickering flame; a rising smoke; a huddling, shifting, calling, lamenting crowd; a heap of something black and broken, and amorphous fragments of I knew not what scattered widely round the heaped up centre. I caught the gleam of railroad tracks in the fading twilight, and the sheen of water in the ditches. But as yet I had not recognized any actual form of death.

I recognized its presence, first, in the counter faces of the living, who had beheld it, and upon whom it had left its impression of the eyes and a drawing of the